



Love Story



👁 47 ✓ 26 ★ 14

Chapter 1 by Lance Felix

Pamela raised her head slightly, staring right into Abrahams deep, wistful eyes. She wondered tenderly, whether he could feel the turbulent waves that were bathing the shores of her heart, whether he could see them in her eyes as she saw painful apathy in his.

Abraham rose swiftly. His sapphire eyes were still on her, around her and through her, piercing her wildly. Pamela could not stand it.

"Oh!" - she screamed holily.

Abraham frowned proudly and turned his head away eagerly. He began to walk away, and every step that he took was a bullet through Pamela's heart.

As the door closed behind him cruelly, Pamela remained motionless, helpless, wounded. Transparent, thoughtful tears were rolling down her soft cheeks, and her hands were clutching the edges of her dress weakly.

THE END

Chapter 2 by Selena Raynee



Pamela cried most of the night.

She felt miserable and dumb for even trying to confess her love to the Duke's only son. In her head she knew they weren't a match; in her heart, she hoped for a miracle. She hoped her confession would make Abraham reconsider his engagement to some foreign well-born lady

She cried more

Then, as morrow shimmered, and

Full of determination, Pam

without any second thought

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violently tossing other frail ancient tomes aside. A chill ran through Pamela's body when she found a small and unpretentious, rather worn-out thing that could help her.

She knew the page needed by sight, it used to be the most popular spell in her granny's "repertoire". Rich ladies paid handsome money to "bind" the man they had in mind, which most often led to matrimony.

Yet... Pamela knew, the binding spell was doomed to wear out in several years. It didn't suit her intentions: if granny's clientele wanted marriage for money or social position, Pamela wanted Abraham for herself. For life. For... ever.

Frowning, Pamela turned a page, then another one. Somewhere... yes. Another spell, its wording eerie and complicated, promised to render any man's life a property of the caster. Granny never used this spell, at least not that Pamela saw her use it. But granny always said she wouldn't use her most powerful spells for money, it wasn't worth the soulburn.

Nodding to herself, Pamela set out to prepare a magic circle. There's still time. Abraham would be forever hers.

At noon, an exhausted and depressed figure, Pamela walked into town to find out that Duke's only son had suffered sudden heart failure and passed away at breakfast table.

Chapter 3 by Selena Raynee



Horried, Pamela ran to Duke's house, but couldn't get in: Duke and Duchess weren't receiving. One of older maids knew Pamela well and simply needed to talk to someone. They shared coarse whispers at the servant's entrance, even though Pamela had a hard time explaining herself. Her thoughts couldn't steady.

"Abraham..." Pamela sniffed, trying to fight off the tears.

"It's quite awful, miss, if you ask me. He was such a strong, healthy young gentleman - always. This morning he goes down for breakfast quite as usual. Then, after coffee tray was brought in, young master takes a gulp from his cup and starts choking. Black in the face he becomes, and falls dead. Took less than a minute, me say. It's so awful, me say to me old man. And me old says, mark me words, he was poisoned, young master was, because there's no way a strong man like he was would die like that. Oh no, miss"

Pamela's hands started to shake.

"Poisoned?"

"That's what me old man says, miss. He's been talking it too. The master must agree, because" the old maid made a small gesture. "I heard the Holy Inquisition for the master did. There's something wrong, when Holy Inquisition is called in, don't you think, miss?"

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"Oh", Pamela couldn't articulate what she thought. She was terrified.

"Annie, the girl who'd brought that coffee, wouldn't come out of her room and cries all the time, thinks she'd be blamed for it. Poor soul -" maid's revelations were interrupted by summons from the house.

Pamela walked home very slowly.

The talk of poisoned coffee relieved her, gave a slight hope that it wasn't her fault - that it wasn't her spell that killed Abraham. Then she understood, that it was only what people talked about, not what the Duke really thought. And then she suddenly found out that she didn't want to die in the Witches' well. Even if she WAS guilty of killing Abraham.

Still, her spell couldn't kill... or could it? Pamela wasn't sure, she didn't understand its wording fully. She had little experience in witchcraft and doubted that she'd be able to use a spell powerful enough to kill a human being, or that her spell could go so horribly wrong that it would kill instead of enchanting. Would Holy Inquisitor know?

Pamela shuddered at the thought of Witches' well. It all was a bad dream: Abraham couldn't be really dead, and she couldn't have done anything bad to him. She loved him and didn't feel that he was gone.

Chapter 4 by Selena Raynee



Abraham's funeral was a private affair only family members attended. Pamela watched the proceedings from a distance; at some point she had to lean on a tree to fight dizziness. It's been two days since his death and what she did most was crying in a recluse of her empty home, daring not to touch food or drink.

"May I offer my condolences, Miss Pamela?" a voice startled her, brought back to reality.

A handsome young man stood beside her, clad in raven black suit. Rich black fabric of his clothes made fairness of his pale skin and golden hair glow. He offered her a handkerchief and Pamela noticed that her own handkerchief was already dripping wet.

"Thank you," she answered. Her eyes didn't rest on man's features, her gaze shifted towards the ceremony that was taking place some distance away.

"One of the servants pointed you out to me," the man continued politely. "You used to be Duke's

son playmate while the two of you both had one handkerchief."

"Yes," Pamela had to look at the man. "I remember."

"And I've heard that you have a very good sense of humor."

"We grew apart as we grew up, but I hope we didn't ruin the same circles."

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"Yet I hear that you visited Duke's mansion regularly and were often invited to parties -"

Pamela remembered to be cautious:

"You hear a lot of things, Mr. -?"

"Honorary Wise"

She shuddered inside: Holy Inquisitor, such a young man? Her thoughts began to race. Why is he here, what he knows, what he wants to know?..

"Don't be afraid of me," the man smiled much too amiably. "Innocents have nothing to fear from the allies of God"

"I know what you might think," an idea appeared to Pamela. "My grandmother was a licensed witch. Everyone in the mansion knows it. Everyone in the town may know it. There's a talk of foul play in- in-" she sobbed, "in what happened to Abraham. To save you time: I loved him, there'd be no reason for me to kill him! Even if I could-"

She broke off crying and sobbed for a long time, while Honorary Wise watched her.

"They say," he began when she started to quiet down. "They say that women of your family lost witchcraft talents. Is that so?"

"Yes," Pamela lied. "My grandmother came from mountain tribes that are often gifted in witchcraft. But she married away from her people and my mother had no talent whatsoever. Same as me"

"I see," he said after a long pause. "Nevertheless, I hoped you could tell me about mood in the mansion, preceding engagement of Duke's son. And anything you deem useful"

"So you think," she hesitated. "You think he - Abraham - was killed?"

"Most probably, yes"

"Oh"

"Either by physical, or magical means, that remains to be seen"

"Oh"

The words stung. Pamela wanted to say something, but suddenly the world around her rushed into a spin. A total blackness followed.

Chapter 5 by Selena Raynee



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take her eyes off him for a second... His smile, his lips... maybe it was the time to think about their second child...

Cold water poured over her head brought Pamela back to horrible reality where she (presumably) killed Abraham.

"... 's fine, m'lord!" a repulsing rotting creature stood bending over Pamela and she screamed at the top of her larynx.

The creature took a rapid step backwards, but Pamela continued to scream. A heavy slap on the cheek calmed her.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Pamela, I'm sure, don't be scared," this time Honorary Wise bent over her. "You haven't met the town's gravedigger yet, have you?"

Pamela sat upright and looked around her. She was in a unfamiliar house, or rather a hut. It was quite dark and dirty, also there was some kind of smell... For a second, all her thoughts revolved around that smell. She thought she knew what it was...

"You fainted at the funeral, remember?" Honorary Wise continued.

"Oh, yes, I think I did"

"Are you feeling alright now?"

"Quite alright, thank you," Pamela answered. "Thank you for carrying me -?" her question hung. Holy Inquisitor smiled:

"To gravedigger's hut. We've also sent for a doctor, because you wouldn't wake up for some time"

"I'm not ill, really, just must be my nerves and exhaustion -"

"Of course, I understand -"

"I think I must be getting home now -"

He stopped her:

"No, no, we really must let the doctor see you"

Pamela staggered to her feet:

"I assure you, I'm perfectly fine!"

Honorary Wise gently took her hands into his and looked deeply into her eyes:

"Miss Pamela, please, let me help you -"

She broke away from him:

"You're being a nuisance, sir!"

He grabbed her by the arm:

"Please, don't go," he whi

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Pamela looked straight into his beautiful blue eyes and lost herself for a moment, but only for a brief moment. Next moment she hit him as hard as she could and exclaimed:

"Sir, you quite forget yourself!"

A giggling sound came from behind - it was the repulsing gravedigger who was laughing.

"Told ye, m'lord, she's a witch, real one, this young Miss," gravedigger kept giggling. "Tried to lie to you, she did"

Pamela felt a cold wash over her body:

"I'm no witch"

"Oh yes you are," now Honorary Wise's voice was anything but warm. His words cut like daggers when he spoke. "No woman, if she's not a witch, can resist my charms -"

"You're not that attractive!" Pamela parried and saw gravedigger almost roll over with laughter.

"She's a stupid witch, doesn't know about the test, m'lord"

"You haven't read all your books, Miss Pamela." Honorary Wise shrugged. "Or didn't listen to your grandmother as attentively as you should have done. Either way, the question is: what are you going to do now? I have a loyal witness that would testify you failed my test -"

"She failed it, she failed it!" agreed gravedigger eagerly.

"And you will fail it before a Holy Court any time," Pamela's defiance shrank at his icy words. "So I ask you again, witch: what are you going to do now?"

Chapter 6 by Luke Meyers



She felt herself begin to panic; she was in real trouble. Her eyes shifted helplessly back and forth between Wise and his wretched cohort. She couldn't say anything else; more words could only further betray her. She tried to steel her resolve for silence, but waves of panic roared in her mind. She could feel her mind racing out of control.

Pamela had always struggled to control magic. Fine enchantments required nuance, balance, and precision. As a young woman with a rather intense emotional set, she found it difficult to keep her sometimes explosive feelings in check. She could rarely maintain the necessary calm for long enough to perform serious enchantments. Something would always flare up and go wrong, and she'd tear apart the whole thing in frustration.

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moment. It never lasted long, and tended to leave whoever'd been involved somewhat confused, but it had occasionally come in quite handy.

Snapping back to the moment at hand, she realized that this was just such an occasion. Honorary Wise, with his own manipulative power, was surely beyond reach. The gravedigger, however, seemed a textbook example of a weak mind ready to fall under the influence of another.

Pamela let herself feel the panic and terror of the situation. She focused on Wise, her adversary, and how much she hated him. He needed to leave her alone. He needed to go away. He needed to die. She wanted to reach right out and destroy him with every ounce of anger, fear, and hate she felt boiling within her.

She held on to that fulminating feeling, formed it into a little ball within her mind that strained and threatened to explode. Just as she felt she could hold on to it no longer, she suddenly shifted her full attention to the gravedigger, projected it all at him and through him. Honorary Wise turned to look at the man in confusion as he reeled and staggered back. "What's the matter? Don't let this little bitch get under your skin."

The gravedigger, clutching his temples and moaning weirdly, suddenly snapped his head upward and looked directly at Wise, his eyes suddenly full of hate. Recognizing the unmistakable violence in the man's mind, Wise took a step backwards and opened his lips to speak. Before he could utter a word, the gravedigger took up his spade and thrust it deeply into the man's throat, nearly severing his head from his body.

Pamela screamed. The gravedigger, covered in blood, turned to look at her. At the same time, he noticed that he, himself, was screaming. They both stopped, and for a moment simply boggled at one another's existence. The man began drifting quickly back to his ordinary self, and looked around in horror.

"Please, please just let me go. We both need to get out of here," she pleaded.

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He glared at her skeptically.

"Look, they're going to come after both of us now, right? If you let me go, they'll focus on me, and you can get away." She hoped he would accept that. It made sense, didn't it?

The gravedigger stepped toward her, taking in the spectacle of her bound and bedraggled body. He extended a bloody mitt and roughly cupped her tender areas, eliciting a wince of terror from her. "Stupid whore. Full of good ideas. Shame we don't have more time, or I'd show you a few good ideas of my own, mheh. Good luck, witch." He squeezed her fiercely, then turned and ran out into the night.

Chapter 7 by intellikat



Abraham and Jacob drew their horses up to a trot and made their way to the shade of the large tree where Pamela and Gwendolyn lay gathering springflowers. The sun had fired the men's cheeks and Pamela's heart swelled as she watched Jacob vault from his saddle like his father once had many, many years before on the day they had first met. He looked so much like his father now. Gwendolyn was fourteen years old, and Jacob now seventeen. This was to be their last week together for some time, as Jacob was returning to the military academy for his second year. Pamela basked in the warmth of the sun and in the love of her family. If this was a dream, she didn't want it to end...

The rough noose was pulled taut around Pamela's neck, and a bead of tears streamed from her downcast eyes.

"Is there anything you wish to say?" said Honorary Clement, who stood soberly by her side. Around the scaffold stood the many people of the shire.

"I loved him..." she gasped weakly, "...but I hated him too. That proud, arrogant ass. Whatever love there might have been between us... it ended truly in our first chapter." She looked up at the crowd. "Have you ever known what it is like to be spurned?! To be called lowly, beneath one, unseemly, homely, crude? You've all called me these things... or thought them in your heart. I

loved Abraham... her voice trailed off now, the quiet sobs... But he did not love me in return.

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"Mistress Pamela of the F... for the murders of Abraham Leatherbottom... a crime of passion, and the other... against a minister of God and a servant of the people. May God grant you mercy."

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Chapter 8 by intellikat



Abraham looked up slowly at Pamela and smiled. His old face and wrinkled eyes still held that deep tenderness and wistful love she had fallen for so many years earlier. His hand reached out and took hers. An old woman now, their children grown, Pamela swelled in the love that yet filled the space between them.

"Pam?"

"Yes, my love."

"Do you remember the day we met?"

Abraham rose slowly. His sapphire eyes were on her, around her and through her, piercing her wildly as if for the first time. Pamela could not stand it.

"Oh," she let out, as he knelt beside her and caressed her tenderly. Tears of joy were rolling down her soft cheeks, and her hands were clutching the edges of her dress weakly. "Abe..." she sighed as his lips met hers.

Pamela's eyes opened, and she focused her gaze upon Honorary Clement as the executioner stepped away from the hinged platform and placed his hands upon the lever. In that moment, the old Inquisitor seemed to shrink and soften for an instant.

"Wait."

His hand was out, staying the executioner's one movement that would end Pamela's life and memories at once.

"Wait."

Something was battling inside him. He turned to the assembled crowd.

"It is our tradition to offer clemency during the Feast of Welling. This woman here has acted out of passion. Out of love and out of fear. She has committed a crime, but perhaps she is not beyond hope, or..."

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Pamela was concentrating as hard as she could. Every beautiful and tender thought or image she could muster was feeding the fire within her heart and mind, and all was being directed onto the Honorary Clement. Not weak-minded, yet susceptible to love and mercy, the old man was now brokering the possibility of life for her.

The crowd was all rumbling, and Honorary Clement raised his hands to pacify them. "Friends. It was not so long ago that many of you thought another beyond redemption. The Duke's son himself, caught in a series of indiscretions. And yet you found it in yourselves to forgive, and to welcome back into the fold."

"She's a witch!"

"A killer!"

"Deserves to swing!"

"Were we all to be judged by the same yardstick," said Clement, "there would be very few left on their feet today."

"She's nothing! A lowborn!"

"Trash to us!"

"Let her hang!"

And in that moment, something inside Pamela turned. She saw a spectre appear on the scaffold beside her, all hooded and black. Beneath the shroud; a skull. A hand outstretched; strangely human and fleshy. And recognising the bumps and spots, Pamela took the hand of her grandmother in hers.

"My power will be yours, my dear," said the spectre of her grandmother. "Embrace your hatred for these ignorant fools and join me on the other side. Our powers together will be great, and

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"Every year, at the Festival of Welling, I will lure your beloved men to the Witches' Well. Cast my body down below! I shall be waiting for you there-- ahhhahahahah---"

Snap

and a lifeless swing....

I tell you this now. Stay clear from the Witches' Well. Do not look down into it. And during the Festival of Welling, concentrate your minds and hearts upon thoughts of love toward those you hold dear. Rid yourself of all anger and hatred, or you, too, may be prey to the Witch Pamela.

The Holy Inquisitor closed the great book and lifted his eyes heavenward to chant, as the people in his congregation below followed along.

the end

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